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THE SCAR OF LEXINGTON.

BY MISS M. E. COULD.

With cherub smile the prattling boy,
Who on the veteran's breast reclines,
Has thrown aside his favorite toy,
And round his gentle finger twines
Those scattered locks, that with the blight
Of four score years, are snowy white;
And as the scar arrests the view,
He cries, "Grand Pa, what wounded you?"
My child, 'tis five and sixty years
This very day, this very hour,
Sins from a scene of blood and tears,
Where valor fell by hostile power,
I saw retire the setting sun,
Behind the hills of Lexington—
While cold and lifeless on the plain
My brother lay, for freedom slain.

And see that light, the first that spoke
To thunder on our land, was o'er,
Amid the clouds of fire and smoke,
I felt my garments wet with gore—
'Tis since that dread and wild affray
That trying, dark, eventful day,
From this calm April eve so fair,
I wear upon my cheek the scar.

When thou to manhood shall be grown,
And I am gone to dust to sleep,
May freedom's rights be still thy own,
And thou and thine in quiet reap
The unblighted produce of the toil
In which my blood bedewed the soil—
And, while those fruits thou shalt enjoy,
Bethink thee of this scar, my boy.

But, should thy country's voice be heard,
To bid her children fly to arms,
Gird on thy grandfathers' trusty sword,
And undismayed by war's alarms,
Remember on the battle field,
I made the hand of God my shield—
And, be thou spared like me to tell,
What thro' this up, while others fell."

Select Tale.

THE FORGED PATENT: or the Reward of Virtue.

"Remember you no case like this? Or if
Your memory none records, it is such a one
Your fancy cannot imagine it!"

The changes which the last twenty years have wrought in Illinois, would be incredible to any who have not witnessed them. At that period, the settlements were few, and the spirit of enterprise that now pervades every corner of the State, had not been awakened. The bluffs of the beautiful Illinois river had never sent back the echoes of the steam engine. Without a market for their produce, the farmers confined their labors to the wants of their own families. Corn was nearly the only crop raised, and from the time it was "laid by," near the end of June, till "pulling time," in November, was a holy day and the intervening period was passed in idleness, except the Saturdays. On that day, duly as it arrived, the settlers, far and near, collected at the distillery, and amused themselves with shooting at a mark, "trading nags," and too often "when the tin cup had passed freely around, in fighting."

This is by no means the picture of all the settlements of that early period, but that it is graphically true of many, none of the old settlers will deny. But to my narrative.

On Saturday afternoon in the year 1819, a young man was seen approaching with slow and weary steps, the house, or rather the distillery of Squire Crosby, of Brent's prairie, an obscure settlement on the Military Tract. As usual on that day a large collection of people were amusing themselves at Crosby's, who owned the only distillery in that region—was a magistrate, and regarded by the settlers as a rich, and consequently a great man.

The youth who now came up to the group, was apparently about twenty years of age, of slender form, fair and delicate complexion, with the air of one accustomed to good society. It was evident at a glance, that he was not inured to the hardships of a frontier life, or labor of any kind. But his dress bore a strange contrast with his appearance and manners. He wore a hunting shirt of the coarsest linsey-wolsey, a common straw hat, and a pair of deer skin moccasins. A large pack completed his equipments.

Every one gazed with curiosity upon the new comer. In their eagerness to learn who he was, whence he came and what was his business, the horse-sweep was left unfinished—the rifle was laid aside, and even the busy tin cup had a temporary respite.

The young man approached Squire Crosby, whom even a stranger could distinguish among them, and anxiously enquired for a house where he could be accommodated; saying that he was extremely ill, and felt all the symptoms of an approaching fever.

Crosby eyed him keenly and suspiciously for a moment, without uttering a word. Knaves and swindlers had been recently abroad, and the language of the youth betrayed that he was a "Yankee," a name at that time associated in the minds of the ignorant, with every thing that is base. Mistaking the silence and hesitation of Crosby, for fear of his inability to pay, the stranger smiled and said, "I am not without money," and putting his hand to his pocket to give ocular proof of the assertion, he was horror struck to find that his pocket-book was gone. It contained every cent of his money, besides papers of great value to him.

Without a farthing—without even a single letter or paper to attest that his character was honorable—in a strange land and sickness rapidly coming upon him—these feelings nearly drove him to despair. The Squire who prided himself on his sagacity in detecting villains, now found the use of his tongue. With a loud and sneering laugh he said: "Stranger, you are barking up the wrong tree if you think to catch me with that Yankee trick of yours." He proceeded in that inhuman strain seconded by nearly every one present, for the "Squire" was powerful and few dared displease him. The youth felt keenly his disconsolate situation, and casting his eyes over the group, in a tone of deep and despairing anxiety he enquired, "is there none who will receive me?" "Yes, I will," cried a man among the crowd; "yes, poor sick stranger I will shelter you." Then in a lower tone, he added, "I know not whether you are deserving, but I know that you are a fellow being, and in sickness and want, and for the sake of Him who died for the guilty, if not for your sake, will I be kind to you poor young stranger."

The man who stepped forth and proffered a home to the youth in the hour of suffering was Simon Davis, an elderly man, who resided near Crosby, and to whom the latter was a deadly enemy. Uncle Simon, as he was called, never retaliated, and bore the persecutions of his vindictive neighbor, without complaint. His family consisted of himself and daughter, his only child, an affectionate girl of seventeen.

The youth heard no more, for, overcome by his feelings and extreme illness, he fell insensible to the earth. He was conveyed to the house of his benefactor and a physician called. Long was the struggle between life and death. Though unconscious he called upon his mother and sister almost incessantly to aid him. When the youth was laid upon his bed, and she heard him calling for his sister, Lucy Davis wept, and said to him, "poor sick young man, your sister is far distant and cannot hear you, but I will be to you a sister." Well did this dark eyed maiden keep her promise. Day and night did she watch over him, except during the short intervals when she yielded her post at his bedside to her father.

At length the crisis of his disorder arrived, the day that was to decide the question of life or death. Lucy bent over him with intense anxiety, watching every expression of his features, hardly daring to breathe, so fearful was she of waking him from the only sound sleep he had enjoyed for nine long days and nights. At length he awoke and gazed up into the face of Lucy Davis and enquired, "where am I?" There was intelligence in that look. Youth and good constitution had obtained the mastery. Lucy now felt that he was spared, and burst into a flood of irrepressible, grateful tears, rushed out of the room.

It was two weeks more before he could sit up, even for a short time. He had already acquainted them with his name and residence, but they had no curiosity to learn any thing further, and forbade his giving his story till he became stronger. His name was Charles Wilson, and his paternal home, Boston.

A few days afterwards, when Mr. Davis was absent from home, and Lucy engaged about her household affairs, Wilson saw, at the head of his bed, his pack, and recollecting something that he wanted, opened it. The first thing he saw was the identical pocket-book, whose loss had excited so many bitter regrets. He remembered having placed it there the morning before he

reached Brent's Prairie, but in the confusion of the moment, that circumstance was forgotten. He examined it and found every thing as he left it.

This discovery nearly restored him to health, but he resolved at present to confine the secret to his own bosom. It was gratifying to him to witness the entire confidence they reposed in the honor and integrity of a stranger, and the pleasure with which they bestowed favors upon one whom they supposed could make no return but thanks.

Night came but Mr. Davis did not return, Lucy passed a sleepless night. In the morning she watched hour after hour for his coming, and when the sun set approached and he was still absent, terrified at his long and unusual stay, she was setting out to procure a neighbor to go in search of him, when her parent came in sight. She ran to meet him, and was bestowing upon him a thousand endearing expressions of affection, when his haggard, woe-begone countenance startled her.

He uttered not a word, and went to his house and seated himself in silence. It was in vain that Lucy attempted to cheer him. After a long pause, during which a powerful struggle was going on in his feelings, he arose, took his daughter by the hand and led her into the room, where Wilson was seated. "You shall know all," said he. "I am ruined—I am a beggar. In a few days I must quit this house—this farm which I have so highly improved and thought my own." He proceeded to state that a few days before, Crosby, in a fit of ungovernable malice, taunted him with being a beggar, and told him that he was now in his power, and he would crush him under his feet. When Mr. Davis smiled at what he regarded as an impotent threat, Crosby, to convince him, told him that the patent of his farm was a forged one, and that he, (Crosby) knew the real owner of the land—had written to purchase it—and expected a deed in a few days. Davis immediately went home for his patent, and during his long absence had visited the Land Office. The patent beyond all dispute was a forged one, and the claim of Davis to the farm not worth a farthing.

It may be proper to observe that counterfeiting soldier patents was a regular business in some of the eastern cities, and hundreds have been duped. "It is not for myself," said the old man, "that I grieve at this misfortune. I am advanced in life, and it matters not how or where I pass the few remaining days of my existence. I have a home beyond the stars, where your mother has gone before me, and where I would have long since joined her, had I not lived to protect her child, my own, my affectionate Lucy. The weeping child flung her arms around the neck of her father, and poured her tears upon his bosom.

"We can be happy still," said she, "for I am young and can easily support us both."

A new scene followed in which another individual was principle actor. I shall leave the reader to form his own opinion of it, and barely remark, that at the close, the old man took the hands of Lucy and young Wilson, and joining them said, "my dear children, I cheerfully consent to your union. Though poor, with a good conscience you can be happy. I know, Charles, that you will be kind to my daughter, for a few nights ago, when you thought no human ear could hear you, I heard you fervently implore the blessings of heaven upon my grey hairs, and that God would reward my child for all her kindness to you.—Taking down his family bible, the venerable old man added, "it is a season of affliction, but we are not forsaken, let us look for support to Him who has promised to sustain us." He opened the book and read: "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be on the vines; the laborers of the olive shall fail and the fields yield no meat, the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no heard in the stall; yet will I rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation."

Charles and Lucy knelt beside the venerable old man, and while he prayed, they wept tears of grateful emotion.

It was a sleepless, but not an unhappy night to the three inhabitants of the neat and cheerful dwelling they were about to leave and go they knew not where. It was then that young Wilson learnt the real value of his money. By means of it he could give shelter to those who had kindly received him when every other door was closed upon him.

At night long he thought of the

FORGED PATENT. There were a few words dropped by Mr. Davis which he could not dismiss from his mind—that Crosby had written to the real owner of the land and obtained a promise of a deed.

It is now time for the reader to become acquainted with the history of the young stranger.

His father, Charles Wilson senior, was a merchant of Boston, who had acquired an immense fortune. At the close of the last war, when the soldiers received from the government a bounty of five acres of land, many of them offered their patents to Mr. Wilson for sale. Finding that they were resolved to sell them, he concluded to save them from sacrifice of their hard earnings, and purchased, at a fair price, all that were offered. In three years no small portion of the military Tract came into his possession.

On the day that Charles became of age, he gave him a deed of the principal part of his land in Illinois, and insisted that he should go out to see it, and if he liked the country, settle there. Wishing him to become identified with the people, he recommended his son on his arrival in the State, to lay aside his broad-cloth and dress like a backwoodsman.

In compliance with this suggestion, the young man assumed a rude and rustic dress, so inappropriate to his appearance and manners, as to excite suspicion that he had some motives for concealing his real character.

On the morning of his son's departure, Mr. Wilson received a letter from a man in Illinois who had frequently written. He wished to purchase a certain quarter section at government price, which Mr. Wilson promised he should have on those terms, provided he forwarded a certificate from the judge of the Circuit Court that the land was worth no more. The letter just received enclosed the certificate in question.—Mr. Wilson had given this tract to Charles, and putting the letter and certificate into his hands, enjoined upon him to deed it to the writer agreeable to promise, on his arrival in Illinois.

The remarks of Mr. Davis forcibly reminded young Wilson of this incident and on the next morning after he became acquainted with the design of Crosby, with a trembling hand he examined the letter and certificate.

It was written by Crosby, and the land he wished to purchase, was the identical farm of Davis.

Astonished that his friend, the judge, should certify that the land "was worth no more, Mr. Davis asked to see the certificate, and after a moment's examination unhesitatingly pronounced the signature a forgery.

An explanation from young Wilson now became necessary, and calling Lucy and her father into the room, told them his history, and laid before them a pile of patents and bank notes one after another, till the amount reached thousands.

It was a day of thankful happiness to old Simon Davis and his daughter, and not less so to young Wilson.

Not long after this scene, Crosby entered. His air was that of a man who had an enemy in his power and intends to trample upon him. He scarcely noticed Wilson except with a look of contempt. After pouring out all his malediction upon the family, he advised them to leave immediately.

The old man inquired if he would give him nothing for the improvement he had made. The answer was, "not a cent."

"You certainly would not," said Wilson, "drive out this old man and his daughter penniless into the world?"

"What is that to you," replied Crosby with a look of malice and contempt. "I will answer that question," said Wilson, and he acquainted him with what the reader has already learnt. Crosby, at first was stupefied with astonishment, but when he saw that all his schemes of villainy were defeated, and proof of his having committed forgery could not be established, his assurance forsook him, and he threw himself upon his knees and begged, first the old man, and then Lucy and Wilson to spare him.

His entreaties for mercy were urged in the most moving terms. Much as they pitied it, it was impossible for them not to dispense the abject meanness of his supplications.

Wilson told him that he deserved no mercy. That a moment since he would have driven the family of Davis from their home, without even the means of a temporary support. He would be merciful, guilty as he was. He would

pay Crosby a fair price for his property, and forbear prosecuting him, on condition of his instantly quitting the country.

Crosby accepted the offer. The writings were made out that day, and before morning he and his family were on their way to Texas.

Why should I spin out the narrative, Lucy and Charles were married, and although a splendid mansion soon rose up on the farm of Mr. Davis, both loved far better the little room where she had so long and anxiously watched over the sick bed of the homeless stranger. Mr. Wilson was rich; but never forgot those who were in want.

Cherished by the kind and affectionate attention of his children, Old Simon Davis almost seemed to have renewed his existence. He lived many years, and long enough to tell the bright eyed son of Charles and Lucy the story of the forged deed. And when he told the listening boy how his father, when poor and friendless, was taken home and kindly treated, and in turn became their benefactor, he impressed upon the mind of his grand-child, that "even a cup of cold water given from a pure motive shall not lose its reward."

Annexation in Virginia.

A Real Transaction.

A few days since, a young gentleman and lady of Madison, Va., concluded negotiations, which had been going on some time previously on the subject of annexation, and the articles of the union were duly signed and sealed by the parties; and submitted to the mother a very respectable widow lady for ratification, who peremptorily refused her consent, and declared the annexation should not under any contingencies, take place.

The parties got together afterwards, and after deliberating maturely on the subject concluded that as the mother would not acknowledge the independence of the young lady, and that she was neither *de jure* nor *de facto* sovereign and independent, the only way to accomplish their object and consummate their wishes was to revolutionize, and if possible, accomplish their wishes in that way.

Accordingly they procured a suitable conveyance, and set off with all speed to the city of Washington. Arriving at the village of Centerville, accompanied by a female friend, they stopped at an inn to refresh themselves, where they were overtaken by a brother of the young lady and a friend, who after securing his sister in a room, commenced an attack on her lover, which soon put the whole village in an uproar, and brought many of the citizens to the scene of action. The brother was furious, and the lover was alarmed. The brother endeavored to intimidate the sister, but she resolutely declared for annexation, and that nothing but death should sever the bonds of union which had been agreed upon between her and her lover. The brother still more and more exasperated, repeated a threat to kill the lover, which more and more alarmed him, and he was almost on the point of relinquishing his prize, and trusting to further negotiation to bring about the ultimate of all his hopes and wishes—annexation. His whole soul had been set upon it. They had, as they thought, succeeded in achieving their independence, and to be thus frustrated was too bad. "What shall I do?" thought the lover, "if I give her up I am undone and miserable forever; and if he kills me, why then she will be undone and broken hearted forever—what shall I do? Here are two against me. You surely won't kill me," said he to the brother. "I love your sister, and she loves me—you surely won't kill me and render her miserable for life?" "I swear I will," replied the incorrigible brother, and the young man turned pale as death, as despair sat upon his countenance.

Just at this moment a spectator, who had witnessed the greater part of the scene, took the young man aside, and told him that he would set every thing right in a twinkling, if he would follow his advice. "My dear sir, I know that you are my friend from the frankness in which you address me—tell me how to act and I will obey you; and if I succeed you will make me your devoted friend forever." "Very well, now mark me. He threatened to kill you—I heard him make the threat—all you have to do is to apply for a warrant, and bind him over to keep the peace. He being a stranger in this peaceful little village of Centerville, nobody will go his bail; and the consequence will be, he must go to jail, and

then what will hinder you from seizing your prize and proceeding to Washington, where you can be annexed. We are all for annexation here, and when both parties were willing, I don't see what right Great Britain, Mexico, or any body else has to interfere."

Hope, joy and gratitude all arose in the young man's bosom, and off he sped to the magistrate, who upon the testimony of his friend, issued the warrant, which being placed in the hands of the town constable, the first thing the brother knew he was in limbo. Whilst the trial was going on, the friend who had left word with the magistrate not to commit the brother, but to keep him waiting some time for the accuser to appear, had the conveyance ready, and the rebellious subjects were again on their way to the city, and as it was not more than twenty five or thirty miles, and as he was in fever of the measure, he concluded to come along with them, bringing also another young friend, who volunteered his service on the occasion.

The brother having been detained a considerable length of time by the magistrate, and no prosecutor appearing, was of course set at liberty. On his return to the inn, and enquiring for the rebels, he was informed that they had been gone more than an hour, but which course, no person knew. Filled with rage, and overwhelmed with vexation, he gave up the pursuit.

The wedding party struck up a lively pace and arrived in the city on Saturday evening, and stopped of course at the Virginia House, on C. street. The lover and one of his Centerville friends went immediately to the Clerk's office and procured a license, whilst the other went in search of a parson. Just as every thing was ready, and the sexton had announced that the parson was waiting at the church to perform his duty, up drives another brother, who had taken the route by Richmond, in pursuit of the rebel fugitives, and inquired if this was the Virginia House? The Centerville friend who judged from his hurried manner of speech that he was of the anti-annexation party, promptly answered in the negative, and pointed him to the Exchange as the Virginia House. The brother in great haste drove up to the Exchange, and finding he had been deceived, came back, and demanded of the landlord, if there was not a runaway couple in the house. "Not now," said the landlord, "they have just left through the back door, and I will venture any sum they are gone to the church." They went in a devil of a hurry. "What Church? what Church?" exclaimed the brother, "Why to the Baptist in E. street, I suppose, for it was the sexton of that Church, I saw here a while ago."

Away went the brother to the Church but when he got there the door was fast. The young lady had told the sexton to lock the door as they went. The brother leaped over the railing, but unfortunately got into the wrong yard. Meanwhile the parson in sweet mellow tone, had gone through the ceremony—annexation was consummated—Hy-men approved and ratified the articles of union, and ordered the clerk to record it in the book of fate, and the parties left with smiling faces and hearts throbbing with the liveliest emotions; and returned to the Virginia House. Just as the parties turned the corner, the brother found his way out of the yard, and came into the Church much excited. "Has there been a couple just married here?" he inquired. "There has," answered the young parson, "By whom," he again demanded. "By me," calmly replied the parson. "Then, sir, I will hold you responsible. I am responsible, I am responsible for what I do," replied the parson kindly, "to a much higher power, and to the legal authority, I have that in my pocket in the shape of a license; and what God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

The brother at once saw he was at the end of his row, and after saying he had travelled two hundred miles in twenty-four hours, forty of which had been on horseback, and was only five minutes too late he believed he would go back home. On enquiring of the gentleman from Centerville, he was informed that the ladies in that part of the Old Dominion are all for annexation—to a man.

AN EYE WITNESS.

A little boy more thoughtful than boys generally are, but not more than they should be, on being timidly into the mud by a comrade, was asked why he didn't serve his abuser in the same manner, replied, "If I should there would be two suits of clothes to clean."